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ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER

Both sides of the law
help Roy spring
THE OUTLAW TRAP



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ROY ROGERS in OUTLAW TRAP

ONE AFTERNOON, ROY NEARS THE
END OF A THREE-DAY RIDE TO THE
TOWN OF PIUTE FALLS...

WE'LL SOON KNOW WHAT KIND OF
TROUBLE JOHN PORTER'S IN. TRIGGER!
MUST BE BAD TO MAKE HIM CALL
FOR HELP! HE'S ONLY BEEN
SHERIFF A SHORT TIME!



WHAT...!



HOLD IT,
MISTER !!



NO USE
FIGHTING,
FELLA! WE'VE
GOT YOU
PINNED
TIGHT!

WE HEARD YOU WERE
HEADING THIS WAY, SO WE'VE
BEEN WAITING FOR YOU,
ROGERS! WE'RE DEPUTY
SHERIFFS FROM PIUTE
FALLS!



YOU'VE GOT THE
WRONG ROGERS,
BOYS! I'M
ROGERS FROM
MINERAL CITY!
I'M ON MY WAY
TO SEE SHERIFF
JOHN PORTER!

GET ON YOUR FEET...
YOU'LL SEE THE
SHERIFF ALL RIGHT,
FELLA!



R.R. #150-575

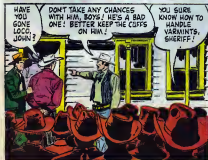
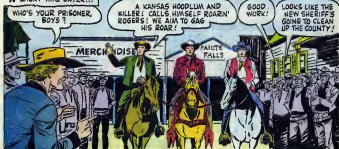
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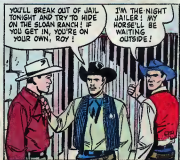
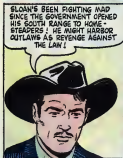
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

A SHORT TIME LATER...









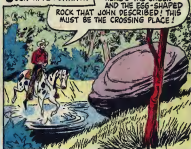
LATE THAT NIGHT ROY FAKES AN ESCAPE...



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE HANDCUFFED "JAIL-BREAKER" RIDES OUT OF PAUTE FALLS ON THE DEPUTY'S HORSE, ARMED WITH THE DEPUTY'S GUN...



SOON AFTER DAWN...



WE'RE ON SLOAN'S LAND NOW! EASY, BOY! I SEE THE SHINE OF A GUN BARREL IN THOSE BUSHES UP AHEAD! LET'S JUMP HIM FIRST!



HOLD IT, FELLA! POINT THAT GUN TO THE GROUND...OR I'LL BLAST IT OUT OF YOUR HANDS!



I'M LOOKING FOR CHUCK WILSON! HEARD HE WAS RAMROD OF THE SLOAN OUTFIT! WHERE'LL I FIND HIM?

HEY — I KNOW YOU NOW! YOU'RE ROARIN' ROGERS! SAW YOU RIDING INTO PAUTE FALLS YESTERDAY!

I RODE OUT AGAIN IN A HURRY LAST NIGHT! DIDN'T STOP TO TAKE OFF THE BRACELETS! IS WILSON HERE?

HE'S HERE! PUT YOUR GUN AWAY AND I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!

AFTER A FAST RIDE ACROSS ROLLING RANGE...

YOU BOYS GOT YOURSELVES A MIGHTY FANCY LAYOUT! THIS FELLA SLOAN MUST BE IN THE BIG DOUGH!

WE LIKE IT, MISTER! MAYBE YOU BETTER WAIT HERE AT THE CORRAL! I'LL GET CHUCK!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I'M CHUCK WILSON! WHO SENT YOU HERE, MISTER?

I FORGOT HIS NAME... LIKE I'LL FORGET YOURS, WILSON! HE SAID YOU COULD ALWAYS USE A FAST GUN HAND! DID HE TELL ME RIGHT?

HIS NAME IS ROARIN' ROGERS, BOSS. I SAW THE DEPUTIES JAILING HIM YESTERDAY!

THAT CRACKER BOX JAIL COULDN'T HOLD ME!

GET BACK TO THE CREEK, BIFF! SOMEBODY MIGHT FOLLOW ROGERS! YOU RIDE INTO TOWN AND CHECK HIS STORY, TOD!



I'M NOT WAITING FOR ANY CHECK UP! DO I STAY... OR DON'T I? MAKE UP YOUR MIND, WILSON?

PUT DOWN THAT GUN, ROGERS! YOU STAY! I'LL POUND OFF THOSE CUFFS, THEN WE'LL TALK!



WHERE'S THE HOMBRE WHO OWNS THIS LAYOUT?

HE'S OLD AND SICK! STAYS CLOSE TO THE HOUSE! I RUN THE OUTFIT! I'M THE ONLY BOSS! REMEMBER THAT, ROGERS!



LATER, IN THE BUNKHOUSE ...

ROGER'S JAILBREAK STORY IS TRUE, CHUCK! THE SHERIFF'S TRAILING HIM AND HE'S HEADED THIS WAY!

LET HIM RIDE IN! I'LL GET SLOAN! STAY HERE UNDER COVER, ROGERS!



WHILE ROY WATCHES FROM THE BUNKHOUSE WINDOW...

PUT DOWN THAT SHOTGUN, SLOAN! A KILLER BROKE JAIL AND HEADED THIS WAY! I LOST HIS TRAIL IN THE CREEK! I WANT TO SEARCH YOUR SPREAD!

MY BOYS'LL DO THE SEARCHING! THEY'LL CATCH HIM, IF HE'S AROUND! NO LAWMAN STEPS ON MY LAND! GO RIDE OUT FAST, SHERIFF!



YOU CAN'T DEFY
THE LAW ANY
LONGER, SLOAN!
I'LL BRING IN
FIFTY MEN...

I'LL GUARANTEE YOU WON'T
TAKE FIFTY OUT! **YOUR**
LAW STOLE MY LAND! SO
I'M MAKING MY **OWN** LAW!
GET GOING, SHERIFF!



AS SOON AS THE SHERIFF RIDES AWAY...

PUT DOWN THAT EMPTY GUN AND
GO INTO THE HOUSE, OLD-TIMER!
MOVE!



CHUCK'S HOLDING A GUN ON
SLOAN! THE OLD MAN'S A
PRISONER! THE OUTLAWS HAVE
REALLY TAKEN OVER THIS
SPREAD!



THAT NIGHT...

WHAT'S
THE
WORD FROM OUR
PAL IN THE EXPRESS
OFFICE, CHUCK?



A BIG GOLD SHIPMENT'S
GOING OUT TOMORROW
NIGHT! BUT **NOT** ON THE
REGULAR STAGE! IT'LL BE
ON A SECOND ONE LEAVING
AN HOUR LATER!

SO THEY'RE
AIMING TO
OUTSMART
US!

WE'LL DO THE OUTSMARTING!
TOD, JIM, STUB, AND ME WILL HIT
THE SECOND STAGE AT ANTELOPE
BEND; THAT'LL LEAVE BIFF, ROGERS,
AND THREE LOOKOUTS HERE!



NOT SO
FAST,
CHUCK!
I WANT
IN ON
THE
FUN!



NOT WHILE THEY'RE
LOOKING FOR YOU,
ROGERS! SOMEBODY
MIGHT SPOT YOU...
YOU'D BETTER LIE
LOW!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, CHUCK!... BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW TO SEND THE LAWMEN ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE, WHILE YOU'RE HIJACKING THE GOLD!



TELL THE SHERIFF YOU FLUSHED ME OUT OF HIDING, BUT I GOT AWAY, HEADING SOUTH! TAKE HIM MY BULLET-PUNCTURED HAT FOR PROOF!

THAT'S PLENTY SMART, ROGERS! IT'LL MAKE US LOOK LIKE HONEST CITIZENS, TOO!



CHANCES ARE A POSSE WILL START SOUTH AFTER YOU PRONTO! ANTELOPE BEND'S STRAIGHT NORTH!

I'LL TAKE THE HAT TO TOWN TOMORROW! BETTER MUDDY IT UP, ROGERS!

SURE! I'LL PUT A BULLET HOLE IN IT, TOO!



LATER, WHEN THE OTHERS ARE ASLEEP, ROY SLIPS A NOTE INSIDE HIS MUDDY, BULLET-PIERCED HAT...

I SURE HOPE JOHN FINDS IT! THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE OF GETTING WORD TO HIM IN TIME!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

HERE'S MY HAT, BIFF! IT'S ALL SET FOR THE SHERIFF!

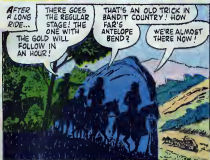
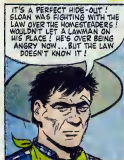
I'LL DELIVER IT IN PERSON... THEN MAKE A FINAL CHECK AT THE EXPRESS OFFICE!



IF THE PLAN WORKS AND THE SHERIFF RIDES SOUTH AFTER ME... IT'LL BE SAFE FOR ME TO GO TO ANTELOPE BEND! HOW ABOUT IT, CHUCK?

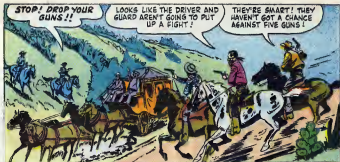
SURE! WE CAN USE YOU, ROGERS!





THE OUTLAWS RIDE INTO ANTELOPE BEND AND WAIT IN AMBUSH...

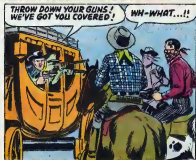




STOP! DROP YOUR GUNS!!

LOOKS LIKE THE DRIVER AND GUARD AREN'T GOING TO PUT UP A FIGHT!

THEY'RE SMART! THEY HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST FIVE GUNS!



THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

WH-WHAT...!!



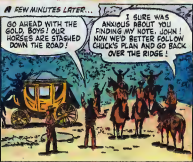
I'LL GET YOU...!!

NO YOU WON'T, CHUCK! THE SHERIFF SAID THROW DOWN YOUR GUN!



ROGERS! YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER! YOU TIPPED OFF THE LAW! BUT HOW...?

BIFF CARRIED THE MESSAGE IN MY HAT!

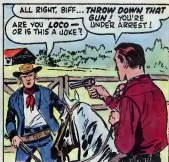


A FEW MINUTES LATER...

GO AHEAD WITH THE GOLD, BOYS! OUR HORSES ARE STASHED DOWN THE ROAD!

I SURE WAS ANXIOUS ABOUT YOU FINDING MY NOTE, JOHN! NOW WE'D BETTER FOLLOW CHUCK'S PLAN AND GO BACK OVER THE RIDGE!

AT SUN-UP...



LATER, AFTER ALL THE OUTLAWS HAVE BEEN ROUNDED UP...



A Little Skullwork

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A whirling desert wind swept a cloud of gritty dust into the sheriff's office of Deert Reach, as Deputy Thatcher Warren entered the room.

"Not a trace of him, Bain," the deputy grunted through parched lips.

"Um," Sheriff Bain sighed wearily. "I had the same luck on the trail I was following. Thatch. This sandstorm's wiped out every track there was!"

"Pretty clever of that hombre to hold up the stage when a storm was brewing," Thatch commented as he lifted his canteen and drank thirstily.

"Maybe so," the sheriff mused, "but I'm thinking we haven't been very smart looking for him out on the desert."

"What do you mean?" Thatch inquired.

"Catching outlaws takes more than a fast horse, a quick gun, and a tin star," the sheriff replied. "You've got to use a little skullwork too."

"Humph!" Thatch snorted. "I don't know what you mean. But that road agent is probably clean out of the territory by now."

"I don't think so," Sheriff Bain said slowly. "As a matter of fact, I reckon he's headed this way right now."

"How do you figure that?" Thatch asked.

"Water!" the sheriff explained. "The stage was held up five miles out of town, and the next nearest town is High Bluffs forty miles beyond. The territory is mostly desert, and the water holes are all dried up. A canteen or two of water won't last a man very long in this heat."

The deputy nodded in agreement.

"So," the sheriff continued, "that means the outlaw will probably head for our town to get water and wait out the storm."

"That makes sense," Thatch grinned, "but we can't search every stranger in town."

"I don't intend to," the sheriff said, getting to his feet. "We'll stand guard by the town pump and just search the strangers coming

in off the desert. The road agent will probably have the gold dust on him, for he wouldn't take a chance to hide it on the desert. After this storm is over, he'd never find the place again."

The two peace officers took up their posts by the pump as planned. Several drifters stopped by in the ensuing hours; they were searched, but to no avail. Just as darkness began to settle, a dust-caked man rode up. Wearily, he alighted from his horse and headed toward the pump.

"Just a minute, stranger," the sheriff called. "There's been a stage robbery, and we're searching everyone coming from the desert."

"Sure, go ahead," the man gestured. "You can search all you want."

He unsaddled two large canteens from his saddle. And as the sheriff looked through the pack, the stranger drank from the pump. Then, after watering his horse, he filled the two canteens and prepared to mount.

The sheriff stepped forward, and with drawn gun confronted the man. "You're under arrest," he said sharply.

At that moment a gust of wind blew a cloud of dust into the sheriff's eyes, and the stranger made a grab for the lawman's gun. Fighting instinctively, Sheriff Bain lunged forward, head first into the stranger, knocking him completely off balance.

"Unscrew the tops of those canteens," the sheriff ordered Thatch. "I think you'll find they contain the gold dust. It took this hombre only a couple of seconds to fill those big canteens with water; that means they are already partly filled with something else. Take a look!"

"You're right," the deputy grinned as he poured the water from the canteens, exposing the deposits of yellow mineral.

As the sheriff rubbed the top of his head, Thatch added with a laugh, "And I see what you mean by doing a little 'skullwork' to catch an outlaw!"

The WAR PARTY

THE NIGHT ERUPTS IN FLAME AND SMOKE AS A RANGE WAR BLAZES IN PLEASANT VALLEY...

COME ON, BOYS!
LET'S CLEAR OUT!



HA, HA! THAT BROUGHT 'EM OUT,
ALL RIGHT! LOOK, MARTY! THEY'RE
SCURRYING AROUND LIKE ANTS
DOWN THERE!

ONE OF THESE
DAYS YOU'LL
PROD THOSE
NESTERS TOO
FAR, BEN!



I AIM TO PROD THEM TILL THEY CLEAR OUT
OF HERE! WHEN SOD-BUSTERS START
CROWDING MY STOCK OFF THE OPEN RANGE,
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH THEM!



YOU CAN'T STOP
PROGRESS, BEN
...AND THEY'RE
PART OF IT!

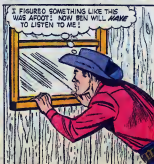
YOU'RE TURNING INTO A
REGULAR NESTER-LOVER,
MARTY! YOU KEEP TALKING
LIKE THAT AND I'LL BE
LOOKING FOR A
NEW FOREMAN!



BUT THERE ARE MORE OF
THEM MOVING IN ALL THE
TUNE! IF THEY EVER
GET TOGETHER AND
FIGHT BACK...

DON'T WORRY! THEY WON'T!
THEY'RE NOT FIGHTERS!
THEY DON'T BELIEVE IN IT!
NOW, COME ON!





AND THAT MEANS WE MUST **UNITE**... ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE! I'M CALLING ON EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN AND BOY TO MEET AT AMOS BRADLEY'S PLACE AT SUNRISE! SPREAD THE WORD!

YOU CAN COUNT ON US!

WE'LL BE THERE!



OH, OH! SOMEBODY'S COMING! GUESS I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, ANYWAY!

CRUNCH!
CRUNCH!



LATER, AT THE CIRCLE-R RANCH...

BEN, I JUST CAME FROM ZEKE TURNER'S HOMESTEAD! I WAS GOING TO TRY TO REASON WITH HIM, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

WELL?



IT'S JUST AS I WARNED YOU! THE SETTLERS ARE GETTING TOGETHER! THEY'RE ALL FIRED UP TO START TROUBLE AT SUNRISE!

SO IT'S COME TO THAT, HAS IT?



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

DO? WHY, THIS GIVES US A GOOD EXCUSE TO WIPE THEM OUT FOR GOOD... WE'LL FINISH WHAT WE STARTED AT AMOS BRADLEY'S PLACE!



WAIT, BEN! THAT'S WHERE THEY ARE GATHERING! THINK IT OVER BEFORE YOU...

SHUT UP, AND ALERT THE BOYS! IF YOU HAVEN'T THE HEART FOR IT, STAY HERE! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!



BUT MARTY RIDES WITH ROPER... AND BEFORE DAWN THE GROUP ARRIVE AT A SPOT OVERLOOKING AMOS BRADLEY'S PLACE...

LOOK, BOSS! IT'S A REGULAR ARMY... AND MORE NESTERS ARE POURING IN! YOU CAN'T FIGHT THAT MANY MEN!

NO... I... I GUESS NOT! BUT WHAT'LL I DO, MARTY?



WELL, THEY PLAN TO ATTACK AT SUNUP, SO WE HAVEN'T TIME TO GET HELP FROM THE OTHER RANCHERS! THE ONLY THING YOU CAN DO IS TRY TO TALK PEACE... AND FAST!



BUT I CAN'T GO DOWN THERE, MARTY! THEY'D SHOOT ME ON SIGHT! YOU GO! TALK TO THEM, STALL THEM OFF! THEY'LL LISTEN TO YOU!

I'LL TRY, BEN — BUT I DON'T KNOW!



AMOS! ZEKE! CALL OFF THE ATTACK! YOU'VE WON! ROPER WANTS TO MAKE PEACE!

WON? PEACE? YOU MEAN ROPER'S READY TO TALK THINGS OVER?



THAT'S RIGHT! HE'S READY TO LISTEN TO REASON!

WONDERS NEVER CEASE!... MARTY, THIS ISN'T A WAR PARTY! OH, WE'RE HERE TO FIGHT, ALL RIGHT... NOT WITH GUNS, BUT WITH **STUBBORN RESISTANCE!** WE JUST AIMED TO REBUILD AMOS'S BARN!



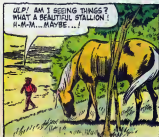
TRIGGER

SPECIAL DELIVERY

A FEW MILES AWAY FROM THE ROY ROGERS RANCH, A LONE RIDER IS DESPERATELY PUSHING HIS TIRED MOUNT SOUTHWARD, WHEN SUDDENLY...



TOPPING A LOW RISE OF GROUND, THE LONE MAN SUDDENLY CHANCES TO SEE TRIGGER...



HERE, HORSEY! NICE, HORSEY!
LOOK! I...I'VE GOT SOMETHING
FOR YOU...!



TRIGGER STANDS HIS GROUND AS THE MAN
APPROACHES. THE GREAT STALLION'S EYES
SEEM TO BE STUDYING EVERY LINE OF THE
WEATHERBEATEN FACE...

THAT'S A GOOD HORSE!
I WON'T HURT YOU...!



**SUDDENLY, MOVING FAST, THE STRANGER
LEAPS ONTO TRIGGER'S BACK...**



AND TRIGGER ALLOWS THE USURPER TO REMAIN...

AH! YOU'RE MY
HORSE NOW! AND
WE'RE HEADING
SOUTH
FAST!



LET'S GO! I CAN GUIDE
YOU WITH MY HANDS JUST
AS WELL AS WITH REINS!

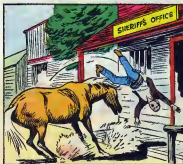
SNOR-R-RT!



SOME TIME LATER...



SUDDENLY, TRIGGER MAKES A LEFT TURN,
TAKING HIS RIDER BY SURPRISE...





ROY ROGERS

THE LITTLE LAWMEN

ONE NIGHT, AS ROY PAYS A VISIT TO THE MINERAL CITY SHERIFF...

REACH FOR THE SKY, LAWMAN!

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

ONE WRONG MOVE AND WE'LL SHOOT YOU FULL OF HOLES!

I GIVE UP, BOYS! DON'T SHOOT!

INSIDE, MISTER! I'M DALLAS SLAVIN, AND ME AND MY PARTNER HAVE COME TO TAKE OVER THIS TOWN!

MATT! ARE YOU TWO *STILL* PLAYING? YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN BED HOURS AGO!

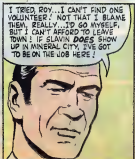
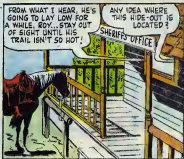
AWWW, UNCLE...

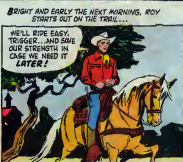
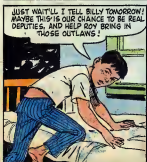
GO ON WITH YOU, NOW! I PROMISED YOUR MA, WHEN YOU CAME TO VISIT, THAT I'D SEE YOU WERE TAKEN CARE OF!

SEE YOU TOMORROW, BILLY!

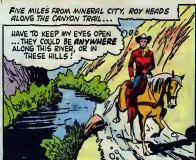
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, SHERIFF? A LAWMAN'S NEPHEW PLAYING THE PART OF AN OUTLAW!

THEY CHANGE AROUND, ROY... ONE DAY THEY'RE MARSHALS — THE NEXT DAY, OUTLAWS!





WHILE UNKNOWN TO ROY, THE BOYS FOLLOW AT A SAFE DISTANCE...





AT THE VERY MOMENT THE OUTLAW LEAVES HIS GUARD POST...



AS THE OUTLAW RETURNING TO THE LOOKOUT POST...

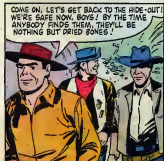








THE BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE LOOSENS THE ALREADY WEAKENED TIMBERS AND EARTH...



IN THE DARKENED CAVE, ROY UNTIES THE FRIGHTENED BOYS...

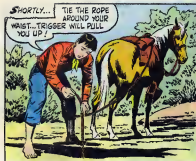




ROY GROPES HIS WAY ALONG THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL, FIGHTING TO HOLD HIS BREATH

THEN, AS HIS LUNGS ARE CLOSE TO BURSTING...





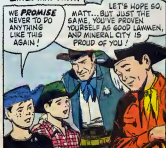
SOON, MATT IS BROUGHT OUT OF THE CAVE...



LATER, WHEN THE SHERIFF ARRIVES WITH HELP...



LATER THAT DAY...





Roy Rogers' BURROMETER



IF THE TAIL IS: THEN THE WEATHER IS:

DRY

FAIR

WAVING

WINDY

FROZEN

COLD

WET

RAINY

WET & BLOWING

STORMY

OFF

CYCLONE

To make ROY'S BURROMETER, paste the forecaster on cardboard. To weather-proof it, wrap the BURROMETER in clear plastic and secure the edges to the back with tape. Make a small slit in the center of the back and insert a tail, using several strands of string about 2½ inches long. Tape one end of the tail to the back of the forecaster.

Hang the BURROMETER where it will delight you and all callers.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 733) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Roy Rogers and Trigger published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1958.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1958.

JOHN C. WEBER

(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1960)

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